

CHIC WALKING HAT.



Black velvet hat with a facing of jet spangles. A large black bird is spread across the entire hat.

THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF

Anniversary of One of the Most Sanguinary Conflicts of the Confederate War.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.)

LEESBURG, VA., Oct. 19.—Monday, October 21st, is the anniversary of the battle of Ball's Bluff, the third serious engagement of the Civil War, and perhaps the most sanguinary of the whole and the only one, considering the numbers engaged. The military situation in the fall of '61 was as follows: About twelve miles south of Washington were McClellan and Joe Johnston facing each other, while in the lower valley were N. P. Banks and Stonewall Jackson. Between these two armies lay the fertile region of Loudoun, with the old town of Leesburg as its metropolis. To hold this section from the Potomac and utilize its vast resources and supplies, General Johnston had dispatched Brigadier-General N. G. Evans, with four regiments and a battery to Garrison's Bluff, and vigorously repel all efforts to cross the Potomac. General Stone, who had been detached from Banks' division in the lower valley, commanded a corps of observation at this point, patrolling the Potomac from the Chain Bridge to Harper's Ferry. His forces numbered about 2,000. Along the south bank of the river, General Evans held a similar position with 4,000 volunteers.

The Confederates had advanced within sight of the capital and in order to check further movements the Federal command determined to occupy Leesburg. General Evans, however, in some way received intelligence of the plan, and his troops which had been scattered for the summer, were quickly reassembled at Horner's Park, the paternal mansion of Hon. Thos. Swann, one mile north of Leesburg. "Here," says a local historian, "amidst turfy lawns, blooming flower-beds, fountains, statues and tame deer, the soldiers lounged for a day, firing with the city belles, picnicking in the shade with well-filled baskets from home, enjoying the martial music, laughing, joking, playing, all unconscious of what a night might bring forth. Yet," continues the same narrator, "a vigorous observer might have detected a decided odor of sulphur in the air."

Saturday passed and Sunday dawned only to have its peace and quiet broken by the clattering hoofs of a courier, who announced that the enemy had already reached Drainesville en route for Leesburg, with a force numbering somewhere from one to twenty thousand. There was mounting in hot haste in the streets of the old red-brick town, thundering roll-rolls and then the tumult and confusion of departure. By sunrise the troops were already on the march to meet McClellan.

General Stone, casting a searching glance with his field glass from Maryland Heights, described a long line of troops and wagons filing down the turnpike and issued the following order, afterwards taken from the person of a slain Federal officer on the bloody cliff of Ball's Bluff: "Colonel Devens! Land opposite Harrison's Island with four companies of his regiment and proceed to surprise the camp of the enemy discovered by Captain Philbrook in the direction of Leesburg. The landing and march will be effected with silence and rapidity. Colonel Lee will immediately after Colonel Devens' departure, occupy Harrison's Island with four companies of his regiment and will cause the four-oared boat to be taken across the island to the point of departure of Colonel Devens. One company will be thrown across to occupy the heights in Virginia, after Colonel Devens' departure to cover his retreat.

"Colonel Devens will attack the camp of the enemy at daylight and having routed, will pursue them as far as he deems prudent and will destroy the camp if practicable before returning. He will make all the observations possible of the country, will under all circumstances keep his command well in hand, and not sacrifice to any supposed advantages of rapid pursuit."

"CHARLES P. STONE, "Brigadier-General Commanding." Harrison's Island is one of a number of long narrow islands in the upper Potomac, bearing the name of the owners of the adjacent farms. It is half a mile in width and nearly a mile in length and was at that time disputed territory between the two States. Opposite the island the Virginia shore rises abruptly, almost perpendicularly, forming a picturesque cliff or bluff on the water's edge, now historic as Ball's Bluff.

According to orders, Colonel Devens conveyed his troops across the river and drew up his battalion along the brow of Ball's Bluff about 2:30 in the morning and immediately began to advance to the island. "Except," one company of Mississippians under the command of Captain Duff, the town had been left without protection, and the long line of skirmishers advancing, their polished musket barrels gleaming in the morning sun, struck terror to the hearts of the inhabitants. But Captain Duff rose to the emergency. Marching his company of skilled marksmen into the nearest fence corner in the path of the invaders, he opened a scorching fire and succeeded in

killing six and wounding twenty without losing a man.

Colonel Devens fell back after this encounter and was shortly joined by General Lee with reinforcements. About the same time two strong companies came to the rescue of Captain Duff, and Devens was forced to retire toward Ball's Bluff. During the course of the morning both sides were successively reinforced and about noon the battle began in earnest. The Federal position at this time was on a plateau of the bluff, some six hundred yards in front of the river, exposed to the murderous fire of the Virginia and Mississippi sharpshooters. By 4 P. M. the last of the Federal troops had crossed the river and were drawn up in a horse-shoe shape on the bluff. But Lee and his officers and men had greatly crippled the force and played havoc with order.

War was a new thing in those days and it was not long before a whisper ran along the ranks that the Virginia regiment had exhausted its meagre supply of ammunition. "My powder is out, what shall I do?" asked Colonel Epna Huntin, of General Evans. "The bayonets and run 'em into the river," came the desperate answer.

Fortunately for the Confederates at this moment the Eighteenth Mississippi was heard coming at double quick through the brush. A solid column followed by the simultaneous crash of 130 muskets hurling their deadly contents into the Federal line, was like the crack of doom to the demoralized troops. Most of them under fire for the first time. A report spread through the lines that General Joe Johnston had arrived with 10,000 fresh men. In vain did the desperate officers order, beg, entreat their terror-stricken men to advance. All regimental order was lost, many a brave officer lost his life in the attempt to incite his men to a courageous attack. The huddling of the men on the hill rendered the Confederate fire which was rapidly closing in on all sides so much the more fatal.

Suddenly the Sixteenth Mississippi came in on the flank with a terrific volley and ended the battle. Then ensued an awful spectacle. A shiver ran through the mass huddled on the brow of the cliff, it gave back, rushed a few steps, then, in one wild, panic-stricken herd, rolled, leaped, tumbled over the precipice. The descent of the cliff is nearly perpendicular with ragged, jutting crags, lending to a water level base. Men seemed suddenly bereft of their reason, teeming over the bluff with muskets and accoutrements, many of them went to the bottom like lead. Others sprang frantically down upon the heads of those below. The little plateau, overladen with terrified humanity, went down with all on board and scores of brave fellows were swept to an unknown watery grave. The side of the bluff was worn smooth by the human avalanche rushing down and the river seemed full of heads. All was confusion, terror and dismay. The total loss of the Federals in this encounter was over 1,500 men, 170 of whom are buried in the National Cemetery now marking the scene of the battle. That of the Confederate side was 150 killed and wounded.

Considering the numbers engaged, and the fierceness of that desperate encounter, the picturesque little cemetery lying so peaceful on the brow of the cliff, marks the spot where forty years ago was enacted one of the bloodiest scenes of the entire conflict.

A Record-Breaker.

Sublimis—See here, you said that house we bought of you was a stone's throw from the station.

Agent—Well! Sabbath—Well, I simply want to know who threw that stone. —Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Dukane—How do you account for the longevity of Methuselah and the other patriarchs?

Mr. Gaswell—Oh, that was before so many new diseases had been invented. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

POETRY OF THE DAY.

Preacher Who Caught On.

He preached about the pleasure
That there is in doing good;
He held the Scriptures sacred,
And he did the best he could;
He consoled the weeping widow
And he dried the orphan's tear;
He made his sermons scholarly,
But few turned out to hear.

He preached about the danger
That there is in doing wrong;
He held that being righteous
Goes for more than being strong;
He preached that men should follow
The Lord's teachings day by day,
And presently he noticed
That the people stayed away.

He bought a magic lantern
And some slides to fit the same,
And announced that he hereafter
Would be right up with the game;
He studied slang instead of
Poring over ancient lore,
And the crowds ere long began to leave
To line up at the door.

He ceased to warn his hearers,
That they ought to change their ways;
He ceased to preach the gospel,
And he studied to amaze;
He says they're coming easy,
He's as cocky as can be—
They've given him a finer house
And raised his salary. —Chicago Record-Herald.

The Rocky Mountain Anemone.

Dainty, blue anemone,
Hiding on the mountain stair,
Where the sunshine lovingly
Falls in splendor rich and rare.

Dainty, blue anemone,
Gazing upward modestly
On the wide-sweep, upland lay,
Where the waving grasses part.

Like a nun about to pray,
Founding of the sun and snow,
Child of mist and purple morn,
Lifting eyes of sweetest blue
From the bed where you were born.

Dainty, blue anemone,
Dressing close to nature's heart,
On the wide-sweep, upland lay,
Where the waving grasses part.

Lift to me your tender face,
Little nun of azure eyes,
Grant me just the fleeting grace
That within them deeply lies.

Satin, gray and flinty mist,
Wrap this maiden tenderly,
Whom the mountain dew has kissed,
Dainty, blue anemone. —Charles F. Kingsley.

A Hunting Morning.

Put the saddle on the mare,
For the wet winds blow;
There's winter in the air,
And autumn all below.
For the red leaves are flying
And the red leaves are flying,
And the red fox is lying
Where the ozers grow.

Put the bridle on the mare,
For my blood runs chill;
And my heart, it is there,
On the heather-tufted hill,
With the gray skies o'er us,
And the long-drawn chorus
Of running pack before us
From the head to the kill.

Then lead round the mare,
For it's time that we began,
And away with thought and care,
Save to live and be a man.
While the keen air is blowing,
And the hunterman hallooing,
And the black mare going
As the black mare can.

—A. Conan Doyle.

What Can You Do?

This old world hasn't time to stop
That it may learn your name;
It doesn't care a rap about
Your blue-blood or your fame;
The only thing this old world cares
About concerning you
Is simply this one thing, to wit:
"Well, sir, what can you do?"

So don't waste time in hunting up
A useless pedigree;
And don't bewail the fact that you
Are not an I. L. D.
But when the old world stops to ask:
"Well, sir, what can you do?"
Just roll up your sleeves on elbow high
And say: "Well, I'll show you." —Ohio State Journal.

World Growlers.

Let 'em roll at this old world!
Every blessed minute;
Call 'em down
In field or town—
Glad they're livin' in it!

If they want another war!
Why don't they begin it?
Come to die—
You'll hear 'em cry:
"This world—keep us in it!"

Say the other world is bright,
An' by faith we'll win it;
But we know
This world below—
Praise the Lord we're in it! —Atlanta Constitution.

Jes' My Pipe an' Me.

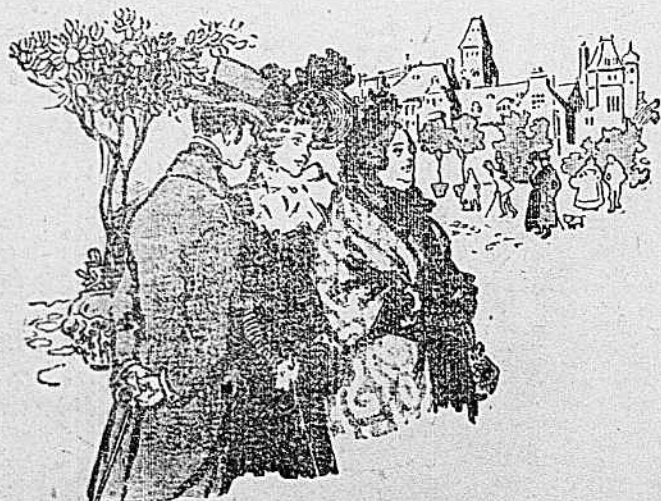
Like t' kind o' stop an' rest,
Jes' my pipe an' me;
Kind o' set an' smoke awhile
Happy es kin be.

Like t' watch th' smoke curl up,
Jes' my pipe an' me;
Suthin' 'bout th' lazy ree,
Makes th' old world gee.

Like t' dream o' days that's past,
Jes' my pipe an' me;
Kind o' dose back thru th' years
Ther' from pain wuz free.

Travel up an' down th' world
An' you'll never see

DIDN'T TAKE THE HINT.



The Old Lady—Aren't you yet tired of living alone, Herr Braun?

The Young Man—O, yes; and for that reason I've just bought a Newfoundland dog. —Lustige Welt.

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Many better friends 'n' jes'
My ole pipe an' me. —Ohio State Journal.

A Daily Thought.

Hiding by the mountain way,
I questioned days, "What, pray, is success?"
And some said wealth and some said happiness,
Still others, power, the will to do or die;
But each one differed in his shrewd reply.
Then, thought I, since the wise ones disagree,
Love and a home's success enough for me! —Arthur E. Locke.

Albany's Oil Boom Hurts.

All that glitters is not gold. All that looks like oil is not oil. A few days ago Albany had a most encouraging prospect of becoming the storm center of a great oil field, and visions of oil gushers rose like magic in the picture that the average Albanian was wont to spread upon the canvas of his imagination. To-day all is vanity. Fact is, it looks like our oil prospect has vanished. In very truth

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the alluring bubble that led us on to visions of wealth and made corner lots look like they were worth a thousand dollars a front foot has burst, and the oil boom in our beautiful Artesian City has died a horrible death.

Albany, the oil boom, is to-day down-cast, while the old pessimist and the chronic croaker smile derisively and say, "I told you so." The above is the result of a visit of State Geologist Yeates to Albany, and a test of the groovy seum, the appearance of which has caused so much excitement in Albany. Mr. Yeates promptly declared that the stuff was not oil, but acknowledged that he was at a loss to define it. He carried a bottle of the seum back to Atlanta with the determination of ascertaining just what it really was. —Albany (Ga.) Herald.

Happy Hills.

A woman believes that she is "liberal" in religious views if she makes a cake for a social at the other church. An Atchison woman has such supreme faith in her husband that when he goes hunting she never orders meat for dinner. Men talk of putting on the harness every day, but as they wear neither corset nor bustle, they don't know what the harness is like.

The real great men of the country are not those whose names are prominent, the real great men sit around the saloons and tell what should be done, although they do not do much themselves. All amateur shows are interesting, and one with tableaux is particularly so. A home girl in a white gown, fixed to represent a statue, who turns her head to see how the red light is coming on, and who smiles at her friends in the audience, is worth sitting up to see. And when they wear their hair down, in a group of Faith, Hope and Charity, it is awfully sweet. —Atchison Globe.

DENVER HAS A GREAT CARNIVAL

By NOVELLA ROUIT REYNOLDS

(Written for the Sunday Times.)

DENVER, COL., October 15.—After several months' sojourn in the Rocky Mountains during the summer months we left the grim giants, which were already beginning to draw their mantle of snow around them, and were glad to return to the city to winter quarters. Ranch life when summer suns make life in our great metropolis, outside of our numerous and beautiful parks almost a burden, is delightful, but when one has to break ice in the water basin in the middle of September, the comforts of city life are most alluring.

Then, the thought that John Chinaman will call Monday for your washing, his queue tied up for duty; the familiar "good-bye" sounds really homelike after being where the inevitable "wash-day" rolls round, with no one there to perform the task but yourself. It is useless to plead your total lack of knowledge in that line; the wash-house is there, but there is no old Virginia log cabin with familiar tub and board outside the door; no dusky faces and willing hands to whom the task would be a light one, so there "the rub" begins. "All is not gold that glitters," even on a Colorado ranch, where the sun sets in gorgeous tints of rose, yellow and carmine, and where your broncho lets you mount in safety, not deigning to open his sleepy eyes till you are scotched to be promptly unseated, when he is fully awake to the realization that an unusual and unaccustomed burden with flapping skirts is on his back and not exactly a master hand on his rein.

GREAT CARNIVAL. We found our city happy in the enjoyment of the annual Carnival, a week's festivity of daily and nightly revels and a miscellaneous array of western representatives. The "trades" parade was two hours passing a given point, accompanied by twenty-five brass bands, and as many military organizations. The High School cadets, all young boys, whose neat uniforms and perfect marching to the music of their own drum corps of fifty pieces was quite a feature. The floats were artistic and beautiful, and Denver sustained her reputation for fine horses and lovely women.

"The four hundred" were represented by the Gentlemen's Riding and Driving Club and the gaily attired belles of the city in flower-bedecked automobiles. The Rough Riders and combined Apache and Indian display was exceptionally fine, from the fact that they were genuine, even to the squaw mounted on a stout pony with a quaint, bright-eyed papoose nodding on her back. In rear of this gay cavalcade was a line of begrimmed chimney sweeps on gruffly-trimmed tandem wheels, their brooms stuck



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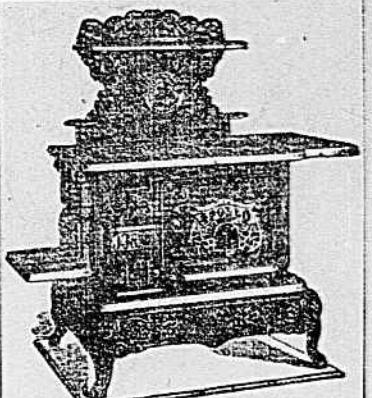
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of public odium. Last, but not least, was the grand masked ball at the Brown Palace Hotel. No one was honored with an invitation, but those who wrote their fortune with six figures, and more besides, wit and beauty kept the halls ringing with merriment till the "two

lined \$100 and costs for fraudulently using the union label.

At St. Catherine's, R. C. carpenters are succeeding in raising their working hours from 60 to 55 per week without strike.

The leather workers of Lowell, Mass., have secured recognition of their union and a wage increase aggregating \$3.00 a year.

The eight-hour work-day has been gained at all working points in Texas at the nine-hour day at Portland, Ore.

The secretary of the Michigan Association of Labor has been instructed to prepare a bill providing for the establishment of a State printing office.

The workmen of Kewanee, Ill., are preparing to start a co-operative store with a capital of \$25,000, divided into 50 shares at \$500 each.

On January 1st there were 9,000 members in the International Journeymen Fishermen's Union, and now the organization has 12,000 paid-up members.

The journeymen butchers of New York City had 2,500 pickets out last Sunday to see that the Sunday closing law was enforced. The boss butchers propose fighting the law.

At Marion, Ind., plumbers were locked out of their work for not signing a new agreement, and now everything is in satisfactory shape.

Montana seeps to be the banner union State of the country. The Legislature has just passed a law establishing the eight-hour law among the miners and smelters of the State.

The making of a bar of soap in the early years of the century took twenty times the labor that is required to-day. The labor cost of making 5,000 pounds of laundry soap is \$3.55 now, against \$15.20 of former years.

The United National Metal Federation has issued a circular proposing a general strike of miners on November 1st unless the government and the mining companies grant an eight-hour day and a pension of 2 francs a day after twenty-four years of service.

Over four hundred delegates attended the recent annual British Trade Union Congress. When it came to a show of voting strength, compulsory arbitration was rejected by 526,000 to 550,000 votes. Better national education, old age pensions, a wide workmen's compensation act, and the extension of the suffrage to all adult men and women were asked.

From the annual report of the labor bureau of the British board of trade it appears that during the year 1900 there was a gross gain by British wage-earners of considerably over \$1,000 a week for an aggregate of 1,134,256 persons. The annual addition to the income of the working classes is estimated at fully \$3,000,000, and while the increase in pay has not been evenly distributed throughout all trades, there has been a general upward tendency.

A machine that weighs, counts and sorts gold coins is being placed in Chicago banks. It does the work of six skilled clerks.

The strike of the garment pressmen of Boston, which caused a lockout of 500 clothing operatives, was ended, lasting three days.

About 100 machinists at the Ohio Automobile plant, Warren, struck when the company refused to reinstate two discharged men.

Of the \$24,000,000 worth of cotton goods used in the West Indies and South America, it is said only \$2,000,000 are furnished from the United States.

The main wheel of a watch makes 1,440,000 revolutions in a year, the central wheel 8,730, the third wheel 70,800, the fourth 525,600 and the escape wheel 4,731,600.

Secretary Frank Morrison reports that the American Federation of Labor paid out to organizers during the past year nearly \$28,000 and issued 828 charters to new unions since last November.

The New York Progressive Pavers' Union reported that it had resolved to support the grocery clerks in the movement to close grocery stores at 7 o'clock on the first four evenings of the week, and to divert their patronage from merchants declining to close at that hour.

Vice-President Levey, of the National Boot and Shoe Workers' Union, has organized the employees of A. J. Bates & Co.'s factory in Brooklyn, and the firm has been granted the union stamp, which will henceforth be put on the women's, misses' and children's shoes from that shop.

The mineral product of the United States is tabulated in the Engineering and Mining Journal and some of the figures (in metric tons) are as follows: Hydraulic cement tonnage.

Portland cement	1,048,828 tons
Anthracite coal	54,464,225 tons
Bituminous coal	210,821,727 tons
Iron ore	26,332,071 tons
Crude petroleum	8,749,435 tons
Phosphates	1,532,454 tons
Salt	2,333,967 tons
The output of metals (in kilograms) is:	
Aluminum	3,243,219 kilog.
Pig iron	13,749,797 kilog.
Lead	250,901 kilog.
Silver	1,832,364 kilog.

FIELD OF THE WORKINGMAN.

Spain imports American rails. Boston has a Newsboys' Protective Union.

Richmond bricklayers earn 50 cents an hour.

Camden, Ark., boasts of a 76 1/2 pound watermelon.

Germany is to have a corporate shoe factory.

Muncie, Ind., municipal laborers now earn 20 cents per ton.

There are forty women holding office by virtue of election in Kansas.

Fort Wayne barbers have gained an advance in wages averaging \$1.50 per week.

The British Typographical Association reports 16,175 members and a fund of \$28,500.

Philadelphia has a negro bank, offered by negroes and with negro stockholders.

At Birmingham, Ala., the trade unions are preparing to erect a labor temple.

New York United Brewers, No. 50, has donated \$100 to the Metal Polishers' Union at Dayton, O.

In Cincinnati an expelled cigar-maker has brought suit for \$25,000 damages against the union.

Stockton, Cal., longshoremen secured an advance of 50 cents per day recently, after a strike lasting ten days.

In Scotland 70,000 miners have had to submit to a reduction in their wages of sixpence per day after arbitration.

A merchant tailor of Peoria, Ill., was